



JURA

RIVER SONGS

MZM[®] productions



JURA RIVER SONGS

Hell's Like Paradise

Music Ruben Hoeke - Lyrics Jan Blaauw

Let me take you by the hand
I walk you to the promised land
A land, there ain't no snow and ain't no ice
I bet hell's like paradise

You ain't got no worries on your mind
Stick with me you forget about the time
And if you stumble I catch you when you fall
Cause hell's a hot place but ready to ball

All my lies I'm making up to you
Cause I know hell and his ways true and through
I've never burned my feet, my hands or my mind
So let me introduce hell now it's the time yeah

So let me take you by the hand
I walk you to the promised land
A land, that I know so well
And babe I'm gonna take you straight up down to hell

I'm gonna take you straight up down
I'm gonna take you straight up down to hell

I'm gonna take you straight up down to hell
I'm gonna take you straight up down
I'm gonna take you straight up down to hell

Nighttime

Music Ruben Hoeke - Lyrics Jan Blaauw

And the nighttime is falling
I'm on my way back home
It's a full moon sky
Lightning up the back roads as I pass along
And I can see you're waiting for me
inside our own shadow world
I write your name in the steamy windows
when I face the light of day
Can't remember why I left you
And I can't believe you stayed

But there's a chance you make me suffer
And let me do my time over and over again

Dawn hit the cotton fields so hard
As I leave footprints on the dusty road
We live together apart in one heart
And that's the drive that makes me go, go, go

And the nighttime is falling
I'm on my way back home
It's a full moon sky
Lightning up the backroads as I pass along

And the nighttime is falling
Nighttime is falling, falling, falling
And the nighttime is falling, falling
And the nighttime is falling

I'm on my way back home



JURA RIVER SONGS

Hung My Head

Music and lyrics Sting

One More Day

Music Ruben Hoeke - Lyrics Jan Blaauw

One more day there's left for me
One more day before my mind is free
Early in the morning my life rolls on
Pick up what I can get before I move along

Had to fight each step of life that's coming my way
I'm not waiting for the message meant for me that says
meant for me that says

One more day there's left for me
One more day before my mind is free
At noon I start to think maybe I should settle down
Find myself a woman and some kids jumpin'

But the rope around my neck drags me slowly away
To show me the first line on my tombstone
That covers my grave
On my tombstone I ain't no slave

One more day

One more day there's left for me
One more day before my mind is free

When the night is falling in it's darkness over me
The moon is shining bright for me to see
Left turn, right turn, straight ahead it wants me to say
Gotto face it can't ignore it you've had your one more day

Had to fight each step of life that's coming my way
I'm not waiting for the message meant for me that says
Meant for me that says

One more day
One more day



JURA RIVER SONGS

Freedom Road

Music Ruben Hoeke - Lyrics Jan Blaauw

Took my car wanted to be free
And I crossed all the borderlines
Driving south in your company
We entered a new space in time

No attachments and we felt free
For a thousand miles down the road
With just enough money for the gasoline
And a trunk filled with summer clothes

And every road turn we took a deep breath in
To handle the beauty we saw
Valleys, rivers and mountains high
Stored in our inner thoughts

Look where it got us
Ain't it strange to see
Life came true down freedom road
Look where it got us
Ain't it strange to see
But that's as long as it lasted for you and me

All the passed years since these days
I've come back to the places we've been
Through sunflower fields and old ghost towns
Just for the need to feel free again

I'm much older now and so are you
Caught up in our ways of life
The choices we made and the things we do
Providing all the means to survive

Look where it got us
Ain't it strange to see
Life came true down freedom road
Look where it got us
Ain't it strange to see
But that's as long as it lasted for you and me

Stay

Music Ruben Hoeke - Lyrics Jan Blaauw

Do you want to hold me
Would you mind to guide me
Could you try to love me
When I face the lights fade away

Wished I could stay longer
That my body would be stronger
That I could see the children
My own child could have some day

In all it's so damned hard to find my way
If I really had a choice I sure would stay

So, would you mind to close me
And than try to recall me
Searching for the true words
I can read in your eyes

Would you goodbye kiss me
No longer fight against me
Could you share a glimpse
Showing me everything's gonna be alright

In all it's so damned hard to find my way
If I really had a choice I sure would stay

In all it's so damned hard to find my way
If I really had a choice... I sure would stay



JURA RIVER SONGS

Times Ain't Right

Music Ruben Hoeke - Lyrics Jan Blaauw/ Ralph de Jongh

*Well I've done my ramblin' and I've done my wrongs
Sometimes I ease the pain with alimony juice
Heaven knows I'm quite a man but aren't we all
I'm a fan of life and further further on down the road*

Jehehe how how how how Jehehe how how how

And I know these times just ain't right
Hell I know these times just ain't right
They make me walk like a crippled blind man
That's been pushed aside yeah
And I know these times just ain't right, no
Hold on boy
Jehe how how how *Hold on* Hehehe how how how

And I'm carrying this burden on my shoulders to tight
So lonesome so lonesome so lonesome
And I'm carrying this burden on my shoulders to tight
I got to lift it up before it breaks my back overnight
And I'm carrying this burden on my shoulders to tight
Oh Oh
And I know lord I know the times just ain't right oh no
And I - know - the - times - ain't right for me nomore

So give me that gallon of gasoline
and a match that's been stripped to the bone
I know lord I know lord times ain't right no

Jehe how how how how Jehehe how how how how
How so girl so bad so bad how

I'm living in a shed I used to call my home
I'm living in a shed I used to call my home
Searchin' for relieve like a dog tries to bury his bone
Ow ow ow
And I'm carrying this burden upon my shoulders to long
Lord I know lord I know these times ain't right
You know
Yes I know lord I know that these times ain't right

Jehehe how how how Jehe how how how how how
Well well ha well well how how how how
Jehe he it just ain't right no no no
It just ain't *everybody's gotta learn*
It just ain't *everybody's gonna fall*
It just ain't it just ain't it just ain't no these time lord
It just ain't just ain't there just ain't they just ain't right
Jehehe how how how these times ain't right

Rosie

Music Ruben Hoeke - Lyrics Jan Blaauw

Rosie always stays at home
She never goes anywhere on her own
Expecting no one to arrive
That's the way Rosie lives her life

She count's no people passing by
And noone stops to say hello or to say goodbye
Waiting till her time has come to die
That's the way Rosie lives her life

Rosie's place is a small world
One that ain't big enough for two
Rosie's world stands for her freedom
And it tells what freedom might do to you

Rosie's future shows at dawn
And it stays with her till the sun goes down
She needs no more to survive
And that's the way how Rosie lives her life

Rosie's place is a small world
One that ain't big enough for two
Rosie's world stands for her freedom
And it tells what freedom might do to you

It's her freedom yeah



JURA RIVER SONGS

Mortgage Slaves

Music Ruben Hoeke - Lyrics Jan Blaauw

All you mortgage slaves caught up in your traffic jams
Worried 'bout the wages that are earned by their neighbour men

You're wasting time and fuel you're burned out by surprise
Bank puts the house for sale way below the market price

All your dreams are shattered
When you bite your nails behind the wheel
For the first time in your life you sense something that is real

Your first steps into nature you pick yourself a tree
And you're a lucky bastard 'cause I'll be there with a rope for free

Jump into your coffin no tombstone and you've got no fame
And even the undertaker places an X because he's got no name

You wonder how you got there it's a one way ride
You had a full share but it doesn't feel that right

To all you mortgage slaves caught up in your traffic jams
Worried 'bout the paycheck that are earned by their neighbour men

You're wasting time and fuel you're burned out by surprise
Bank puts the house for sale way below the market price

All your dreams are shattered
When you bite your nails behind the wheel
For the first time in your life you sense something that is real

Your first steps into nature you pick yourself a tree
And you're a lucky bastard 'cause I'll be there with a rope for free
With a rope for free yeah with a rope for free yeah

For all you mortgage slaves
All you mortgage slaves all you mortgage slaves

Mortgage slaves mortgage slaves
Mortgage slaves mortgage slaves

Rare And Strained

Music Jan Blaauw - Lyrics Jan Blaauw

Walking round in my old town there ain't no friends around
That I can see or come and to greet me

I'm looking for my roots on the floor
They used to be there but ain't there no more
Maybe when I dig a little bit deeper

Everything that's rearranged seems so rare and so strained
Out of place as if it doesn't belong there

Everything that's rearranged seems so rare and so strained
Out of place as if it doesn't belong there

My shadows covers history in a way that ain't right for me
Thought that I would be stronger

When I'm standing by the wall
Where I used to hide when mama called
I can't stay here any longer

Everything that's rearranged seems so rare and so strained
Out of place as if it doesn't belong there

Everything that's rearranged seems so rare and so strained
Out of place as if it doesn't belong there

It doesn't belong there
It's out of place – so rare and strained

Everything that's rearranged seems so rare and so strained
Out of place as if it doesn't belong there

Everything that's rearranged seems so rare and so strained
Out of place as if it doesn't belong there

It doesn't belong there
It's rare and strained
It doesn't belong there



JURA RIVER SONGS

Nickname Men

Music Ruben Hoeke - Lyrics Jan Blaauw

Billy Butcher came out of jail
Smoking Johnny barfed his name
Hanky Hammer paid his bail
Invited him for a poker game

Cheatin' Willie passed the cards
When Eddy Acid took his OD
Then Spankin' Nancy hit the charts
For Billy Butcher to much too see

Nickname Men - Nickname Friends

Big Boob Betty tucked him in
A scream of ecstasy
Butchers beard had touched her skin
And she screamed 'What have you done to me?'

Than Hanky Hammer lost it all
Standing trial facing jail
And Lawsuit Larry had his wake up call
When Billy Butcher's alibi failed

Nickname Men - Nickname Friends
Nickname Men - Nickname Friends

Billy Butcher ran out of luck
Four old friends would never meet again
And Smoking Johnny choked like a duck
It was the end for the Nickname Men

Jacky

Music Ruben Hoeke - Lyrics Jan Blaauw

Lay down in the arms of Jacky
Taking of I'm ready to fly
But when she's gone I ain't satisfied
And I keep on fooling myself
Thinking that this ain't real
But I can't deny something that I feel

And I guess I never told her
That I jump on riding trains
And I guess that she will know by know
That I never come back again
Never come back again

And the bottles are empty
The ashtray is filled with cigarettes
And the smell of your body
Is dancing a ballet inside my head

Scratches on the wall
And my throat starts to burn
Leaving a bed filled with the blues
She's waiting for the day that I return

And I guess I never told her
That I'm just a hobo man
And I guess that she will know by know
That I never come back again
Never come back again
Never come back again
That I never come back again